### THE SADDEST THING.

They asked me once, when life was youngits tale untold, its songs unsung— And Hope still near. I laughed and said: "To know my cheeks must lose their red, And ev'ry shimmering, golden thread In this fair coronal, its glory shed, Be coiled and folded, snowy white-A sign of sorrow, loss and blight— This is the saddest thing!"

They asked me again when partings came, And Death, triumphant, breathed the name Of one held dear. I wept and said: 'To sit alone, here, with one's dead And list in vain their footsteps! This-To wait their coming, and forever miss Their voices. Surely life's sad tale when

No other grief so deep can hold. This is the saddest thing!"

But now-I sit dry-eyed and cold, And wonder that a living form can hold A heart so dead. And if you ask:
"What is it now? What new, hard task
Has left you hopeless?" Thus, to-night, I answer, with a clearer sight:
"The saddest thing—to sit alone
And face, all tearless, Love outgrown—
This is the saddest thing!"

- Katherine B. Huston, in Dramatic Maga-



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CHAPTER XVIII .- CONTINUED.

As time went, we saying little or nothing betwixt us, I marked our follower's growth as she drew on. Little by little out came the details of her canvas, and, as I picked point after point, there dawned on me the almost certainty that our pursuer was none other than the Sprite, the last vessel of his majesty's flotilla I cared to meet.

From the deck of the Ajax I had been informed of the Sprite's absence on patrol, and through the whole morning had held in my mind the dread of meeting her, only teeling safe from that particular craft since noon. Probably she had been sneaking under easy sail along the Long Island coast, and had only fairly sighted us after the westering sun had thrown a broad light on our canvas. Then with a keen nose for anything less than a three-decker, she had riled on her clothes the sooner to come by about what business a trader had to sail the king's sea without being under convoy. I dared not unfold my suspicions, but the girl, with the eye of a hawk and the ins;inct of a woman, saved the necessity. Turning to me after a long and searching look at our pursuer, she said:

"Capt. Thorndyke, that vessel looks like the one that took me from Philadelphia to New York. I hardly know why I think so, but I fear me 'tis the same.

"Ay," I answered, hoarsely, "I have that fear, and God help us if they overhaul us, as they are like to do, barring a miracle!-Have

stern-"nay, friend, I have but a light thee be running means to be beaten in the Thee has a head for tricks. Are thee lost? If so, there is but one thing for thee and me." And turning his eyes to mine, he made a quick gesture toward the water, which motion I thought was unobserved by

the girl. But I was wrong in my surmise.
"Has it come to this then?" she ejaculated with sudden terror in face and voice. 'Am I to be left alone and at the mercy of not commit suicide and leave me without a protector!-Donald Thorndyke," she continued, her terror giving place to an imperiousness royal in its effect, "you have sworn not to desert me! Are you nerveless at last? Nay, I know you too well. I ask your pardon," she faltered with a bend of her head and a rapid change to humility; "I am wrong. Better give back to the A!mighty direct the life He gave you rather than have those yonder, if enemies they be, take the giving into their merciless hands. I was wrong. I let the woman in me speak test. Your burden is greater than mine! And with this she placed both hands to her face and sobbed aloud.

I listened in silence to this outburst with its shifting emotions. There was no antecth instead of pulling them. Hardly had swer to make. The blackness of the last few the smoke thinned from the shot, when days seemed to gather and settle itself over me like a pall. We had been on the brink of safety, the threshold of content, honor and success, and to see the prizes snatched party, and that the drama was rapidly nearaway at this late hour was beyond human endurance. The softness of the air, the preparation we made haste to get what arms mellowing light, the silky veiling on the we had on deck, and, while yet the yellow sky above us, and the lively sparkle of the flash of the oars was distant, our arrangeocean, suddenly changed from gay congrat- ments were completed. For defense we had viation to a hideous grin of irony and malice. | two rifles, four pistols, three cutlasses and spokes of the wheel with my whole heart extlasses, being of no use, were left in the seemingly bent on meeting each surge in a cabin. The lady was to take charge of the manner to save our speed. To comfort the cumunition and reload the firearms as girl was beyond my power even had it lain fancy, ever juggles with the truth (be it | below, she had for the first time drawn for the face of death.

As though to let her gather the full import of the future, he stood apart, only saying, as the poor girl's sobbing 'cereased: "There is a God in Heaven, and what must be,

If. however, I had remained silent it was tongue was dumb, my brain was activthat our pursuer was not the Sprite, or If not, I would sell myself at such a price that there would be but little triumph for them over my carcass. Turning at last to | forlorn hope that we might drive off the ap

Ames, I said: "Until it be made certain that we be lost as run we can, and then fight; after that the action of each lies with his own conscience. has given me. If, becoming powerless, I Ames lay along the deck with his rifle choose to cheat the rope, I will but be like over the counter; the girl sat in the com-

'Ay, I said naught to mean the cowardly

owder and shot hold out, Quaker or no Quaker. We be scant of the first, though. I would to Heaven a sudden darkness like that which fell on Calvary would settle on us now! We might then take to the dingy astern and sneak for the Long Island shore.

He had hardly spoken when the mainsail flapped, and the wind, which had been rapidly growing lighter, almost went out. I east my eye on the following schooner, and saw with some satisfaction that she, too, had lost the breeze she had been carrying with her, for no longer did she heel to its pressure, and, I thought, no longer were her sails bellying, but, like ours, hung in folds, only occasionally rounded by the dying puffs. By this she had drawn to within a couple of miles of us and was still coming Under our stern there was barely a wake (so slowly we moved), the froth from our bends and rudder having given place to an oily flatness filled with tiny eddies, through which the boat we still towed slowly dragged its way. Now there was a yellow baze on all the horizon, that told of the waning day, but the sun's broad light still lay over the ocean, and it would be hours ere darkness could furnish us shelter. By then our fate would be known.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER.

I wondered mightily that they had not fired at us, but the solution of the riddle came to me when I remembered that the Sprite had but one powerful gun forward, and hitherto she had not been in a position to use it on us without blowing away her cwn forward rigging. Her silence thus confirmed my fears as to the identity of the vessel, nor were we long in doubt as to the malevolence of her purpose. Still she glided toward us, wafted as is a feather over a smooth pond, while we rolled to the long reach of the surges without more way than would take us a fathom in a minute.

For all the deadness of the Phantom, I still stuck to the wheel, that she might not round into the wind. Ames and his sister had gone below to reload the firearms and lay our ammunition, when, just as the last gasp of wind went out and the shivering sails set the reefing points beating the canvas with a musical ripple, the enemy slewed a couple of points to the south, and a ball of white smoke broke from her bow. Plain ly as day I marked the shot as it struck the water and in great leaps came skipping toward us. It passed us well astern, tor, with the fall of the wind, we had swung into the trough of the sea, and the Phantom was now parallel to her pusurer, the latter lying off our starboard quarter.

There she might remain, and, using us as target, sink us at her leisure, though I had little fear of this action on her part, as the British policy was ever to capture any thing that could be of use, only destroying that which they could not carry away.

I watched the flight of the ball until the spouts sent aloft as it struck the sea became smaller and the missile sunk in the distance. It was a command to come into the wind and show our colors, and hoping (though without reason) to defer to the last the fall of the bolt, I descended into the cabin and fumbled through the flag locker for the Union Jack. I had the ensign in my hand when the girl looked up from her work and quickly asked:

"Are you to make a last stand under that? Nay, then, Donald," she said, with an appeal in her voice, and for the first you aught to offer, Ames?" said I, addressing her brother, whose face had taken on a look of hardness the like of which I had the sight of that bunting, 'twere a weak marked at the Dove when he was posing as | thing to do. You say you will fight; then an old man.

"Nay, friend," he returned, suddenly falling into the Quaker style of speech, and she bent to the locker, picked up the enwithout taking his eyes from the vessel sign of the colonies, and, holding it out, dragged from my hand the red flag of the knowledge of sea possibilities. To run as enemy. It was a noble act, and worthy of the spirit which had been equal to bearding Clinton in his own quarters. It put into me the stimulus I needed. Without a word I turned and bounded up the companion, and in a moment the stars and stripes were hanging at the main peak, barely unfolded by the zephyr that was still playing aloft.

It was a plain defiance, and met with a ready answer. The bunting had been aloft no longer than was necessary for those or those yonder?-Beverly! brother! you will | the distant vessel to have made it out with a glass, when again came a spurt of smoke and another ball leaped toward us. It was a well-aimed shot, and, had the gun been trained a trifle more to the right, it would have ended matters on the instant. As it was, the ball dipped close to our stern and beneath the trailing dingy. There was a swirl of spouting foam, a tearing crash, and the little boat leaped into the air amid shower of splinters, spun over and over like top, and then settled, keel upward, with clean-cut hole vawning in her bottom.

I could almost hear the shout of triumph that undoubtedly took place on the enemy's deck as the result of this piece of marks manship, but in the end, had they but known it, they were whetting the tiger's from under the cloud I marked a boat putting away. There was little need of a glass to tell me it was filled with a boarding ing its close. With the few minutes left for we had on deck, and, while yet the yellow Without a word in return I grasped the my rapier, though the latter and one of the used, for, though her brother and myself in my province, and in real life no man, I both begged and commanded her to remain never so bitter) while looking squarely into berself her own line of action by simply slicking her head and following us to the Neither did Ames go to his sister's rescue. | deck. She was white as chalk as she stood and watched the near approach of the boat, but I will swear that her fear (if fear it was)

was not for herself. Just before the enemy drew into rific shot I went forward and opened the forecastle slide, calling both prisoners to come not because I was stunned, for, though my up, for I had a mind that I might use them make a show of numbers on our deck. chough. There was one chance in a million But in return I received a voiley of curses that our pursuer was not the Sprite, or crly, and, as I had no time to try discipline, even one of the British fleet. If so, well. I shut and again fastened the batch, rejoining the others aft.

Even at this stage I was possessed with the croaching boat, and, if they were shorthanded aboard (a condition not unlikely), to one another, I shall hold my life as dearly and failed to cripple us with their long gun, as ever. The mere capture of the schooner something might happen in the way of wind -unless that fellow astern be the Sprite- from another quarter or the coming darkneed not bring despair. We will run as long ness to enable us to escape. The hope, how ever, was not enough to give life to my | for, as I sprang from the cabin, where I had spirits to make it worth the telling to my As for me, I shall not be hanged from a companions. I had put my past behind me, British prison, but I swear again that while | never hoping to reap what I had sowed and you or your sister live and I can lift an arm | with set teeth awaited with little fear and for either I will still cling to the breath God | less doubt for the result of the coming hour.

Ames lay along the deck with his rifle | wany a captain who goes down with his panion door ready to reload the arms as they missing, while I rushed to his side, and the lifting the heavy hatch cover from the cabing de, for my honor would not have suf- proper moment to open fire, stood in plain against which it had been reaning, hurled it sight above the taffrail.

Slowly they came on until I could count

youth stoutly. "Fight we will so long as easy range I told Ames to let them have it. | made by the broad and bulky timber I never again. Resting my gun over the rail, I in general, the broken mast smiting the calculated the roll of the schooner and in my deck with the sound of an explosion. turn fired. This shot told as well as the first. A man in the waist sprang to his feet, beat the air with his hands for an ining half in and half out of water, as limp as a bag of wet salt. At this there was more delay, and by the time they were again well under way both rifles had been reloaded, and as yet there had been no call for the services of Miss King.

"Let them come nearer," said I, "and then give them both barrels at once, and" after that the pistols." There was a grim determination in the way their oars flashed now, and as they came to within 200 feet we both, by this time under the shelter of

the rail, fired on the count of three. Through the smoke that drifted on us I rowing cease, then there came a yell from the boat, and two muskets were discharged at us, but without effect. What fools they were to delay, for I had reloaded before the first motion had been made to continue the course! But to my amazement it was for only a moment they held on their way. As I fired again, apparently without hitting, I saw the boat's head slew about, and then they quickly hauled off and started to return to the distant schooner.

It was so far a triumph. Out of ten men we had disabled and perhaps killed three at least, one being an officer. Why they had fled still numbering enough to have vanquished us could only be accounted for by the supposition that they knew naught of our weakness, and feared the plain showing of our colors was but a sign of strength and fearlessness, if not a lure beckoning them to ruin. I had not dreamed of such an easy conquest, and for the while it was all I could do to restrain the extravagance of my feelings. I turned to Miss King. Her pallor had given way and left two bright spots of excitement which glowed on her cheeks and matched well the brilliant sparkle of her eye. She was trembling with suppressed emotion, and as I held out my hand to her in unspoken congratulation, she took it, and, lifting to her lips my grimy fingers, rose without a word and hurried forward.

The impulsive spirit of her brother showed itself in the cry he gave as, with half a sob and half a laugh, he danced about the deck and then threw himself into my arms, breaking therefrom, shaking his fist at the retreating boat, and in mighty un-Quaker rood, though in Quaker style, damned the British high and low, afloat and ashore.

"A curse on thee, thee white-livered, scarlet-backed cowards!" he shouted at the ad. "To let two men and a girl drive thee! Oh, by the Lord God above me, the battle is not with the strong! Donald! Donald! mark thee well! I tell thee we will yet best them though they send the whole ship's We will rise from the depths! Thy hand and head have so far shown the way! Thee will yet prevail!"

I was well aware that this exuberance was but the reaction following strain. I felt the



'We both fired on the count of three."

relief myself, but knew, despite the fact that we were so far safe, the repulse would prove but a respite. The lump that had risen to my throat when I saw that the enemy was beaten off still held me speechless, but it passed presently, as did also the wildness of the youth, and ere long we were speculat-ing as to the next probable move of the discomfited redcoats. It was true that I had realized the first part of my secret hope of overcoming the boat, but, on scanning the horizon, there was no sign of a rescuing wind, though I thought the south held some promise of a later breeze. There was naught to do but stand at bay and await the issue.

Nor did we await it for long. The sun was sliding rapidly to the edge of the sea, being but an hour high, its path lying in a line with the now thoroughly becalmed schooner off our quarter; its glare throwing a dazzling pathway betwixt the two vessels. It is more than likely they scented the advantage given them by their present position, for not long after the return of the first expedition against us I saw three boats have their side and proceed along the track of blinding glitter.

To aim into this eye-watering brilliancy with any but a mere chance of hitting a mark was an impossibility, but, with the old determination to face the worst, Ames and I repaired to our posts, though the girl still lingered forward.

As I saw the uselessness of protracted defense, I let her bide away, knowing that at the bow she would be clear of flying bullets when the boats should come near enough to return our fire. How the attack was planned was at once apparent, for to cover the onset of the boarders the schooner again opened on us with its forward piece. In evident fear of striking their own men, they abandoned their former manner of ricochetting the ball across the water, and instead drov point blank at us. Although we lay a plain target, and their schooner, like the Phantom, was at rest, the first shot flew wide of us; the second passed somewhere aloft, yet so near that I heard the horrible humming of the ball, and the third- To this day they know not all they did, nor, for the

matter of that, did I at the time. We had let the boats come near, that we might shoot with effect, and I had fired and was about to pass the rifle to Gertrude, who in my excitement I fancied had by this time returned to the companion, when to my astonishment I saw she was not behind me. There was no time for protracted search gone to look for her, I heard her brother discharge two pistols in quick succession and gaw a boat sweep under our counter. In an channels. With a round oath Ames seized the two remaining pistols and poured their contents into it with scarce a chance of missing, while I rushed to his side, and on to the heads of the packed mass below. Beyond the fact that no man boarded the

The crack of his rifle was yet in my ears as knew, for at that moment the third shot I saw the bowman pitch forward, his oar from the schooner struck the foretopmast slipping from his hand into the sea. There just above the hounds. In a thundering was a slight commotion aboard, and the crash down came the spar with the square boat's progress ceased; but it was only to sail, the outer canvas, topmast, fore and recover the lost oar, and then on they came | back stays, blocks and upper running, gear

The din of the shot and the tumbling wreck slewed me around as though I had been on a pivot, but it was only to see that stant, and then toppled over the side, hanging half in and half out of water, as limp as soom I saw that the other boats had board ed us on the larboard bow, and already half a score of men were swarming over the side. Even then my thoughts went to the girl but she was nowhere in sight. Body and brain work quickly in times of excitement, and thinking that possibly she had fallen through the gaping hatch and into the hold, though time was scant, I sprang for the opening and looked down, calling her by There came no answer, neither was her body in sight, the dull gray of the lead alone meeting my eye. Springing again to my feet, I drew my cutlass and retreated to saw the officer sink back in his seat and the the quarter deck where stood Ames with drawn steel, his back braced against the wheel and his breath coming and going as though from violent exertion.

"'Tis the final stand, my lad!" I ex-claimed, as I ranged myself by his side and turned to face (for the last time, I thought) the enemy, who were now pouring aft. "Gertrude is gone! I could find her no-

"I know it!" he panted. "The game's up, I marked her when she-" I lost the rest, for at that instant an offi-

cer whom I at once recognized came running up, followed by half a dozen marines As he caught sight of me he balted, and, eyeing me with profound astonishment, sud dealy broke out

"Good God! 'tis Thorndyke! Touch not that man, on your lives!" he shouted. "Here's game worth a whole watch!. Surrander, ye rebel! Throw down your arms and surrender! Can't you see you are heaten? You doubly damned spy, the rope will have its own! By Saint George, but this is luck!"

"Surrender to ye, Lieut. Belden?" I vociferated in turn. "By the Lord, no! Come and take me if ye can, but 'twill not be slive. Your rope is not for me, nor will the colors aloft be struck while I stand on this deck! I have given over this world, and foar neither ye nor the pink shrimps at your back! Come, now, and clutch your 'tek!'

If I was strong as two men before, I felt the strength of ten within me as I spoke. The swath I would have moved through that press would have brought the bullet I invited, but there was no advance. True, the crowd showed a tendency to rush in as I thus defied them, and several muskets were leveled at us, but Belden nipped the act by waving his sword and threatening sunishment to the first man who fired a gun advanced without orders.

It was plain that to him the prize was a tremendous one, nor would he have the glory of defeating me dimmed by my death and to this ambition to take me alive and see me hanged was doubtless due my final

# KNEW THE MEANING.

Down-Trodden Peasants on Russian Estates.

One evening our village priest found a middle-aged peasant, Anton Savelieff, reading a book of psalms. He as reading a psalm of which each verse began with the word "Rejoice."

"We all-my wife and our childrenwere thunderstruck. I signed myself with the cross and went; the snowstorm was blinding me as I crossed the

"Well, it ended all right. The sid prince was taking his afternoon sleep, and when he woke up he asked me is I knew plastering work, and only 1613 me: 'Come to-morrow to repair the plaster in that room.' So I went home, quite happy, and when I came to that bridge I found my wife standing there. She had stood there all the time, with the baby in herarms, in the snowstorm. waiting for me. That was, tather, under the old prince.

"And now the young prince came here the other day. I went to see him, and found him in the garden, at the tea table, in the shadow of the house; you, father, sat with him, and the elder of the canton, with his mayor's chain upon his breast. 'Will you have tea, Saveliefi?' he acks me; 'take a che'r.' 'Peter Grigorieff'- he says that to the old one-'give us one more chair.'

"And Peter Grigorieff-you know what a terror for us he was when he was the manager of the old princebrought the chair, and we all sat round the tea table, talking, and he poured out tea for all of us.

"Well, now, father, the evening is so beautiful, the balm comes from the prairies, and I sit and read 'Rejoice! Rejoice!"

This is what the abilition of serfdom meant for the peasants .- Prince Krapotkin, in Atlantic.

No Escape. Mrs. Chinner-Ernestine, my darling, do you expect Constant to-night?

Ernestine-And if he doesn't ask

to speak to him.—Brooklan Life. The Trouble.

of pearl. Bocker-Why, didn't your wife cer

An Apology.

hot stove?"

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WECURE GLEET

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What Emancipation Meant to the

"What are you reading?" he was

"Well, father, I will tell you," was the reply. "Fourteen years ago the old prince came here. It was in the winter. I had just returned home almost frozen. A snowstorm was raging. I had just begun undressing when we heard a knock at the window; it was the elder, who was shouting: 'Go to the prince; he wants you.'

bridge.

Ernestine-Of course, mamma. Why do you inquire? Mrs. Chinner-If he asks you to marry him, tell him to come and speak to

Mrs. Chinner-Tell him I am coming

Knocker-I don't know why, but Smith has an inbred hared of mother

instant it had hooked on to our starboard tell you his wife's natic is Pearl?-Brooklyn Life.

> "See here, Browne, and you tell Borrows that I wouldn't rea off with a red-

"Yes, I did. Brouses 'aut I'm williag taking of one's own life," answered the ten men and an officer, and as I marked the schooner at this point, what execution was I to admit I was wronger - Turlem Life.

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